Breaking Hannibal Lecter

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/39520134.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Will Graham's Dogs, Hannibal Lecter & Will Graham's Dogs, Chiyoh & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham's Dogs, Jack Crawford, Chiyoh (Hannibal)
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Slavery, I mean Penal labor is modern day slavery, Hannibal Lecter is the Chesapeake Ripper, Hannibal Lecter is a Cannibal, Dark Will Graham, Unhealthy Relationships, Threats of Rape/Non-Con, but no actual rape, Mildly Dubious Consent, since you can't consent in this situation, Attempted Murder, Murder, Sub Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham Doesn't Need Help, Dom Will Graham, Non-Consensual Bondage, Manipulative Hannibal Lecter, Manipulative Will Graham, Punishment, Punishment and Rewards system, Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, Caring Will Graham, He's still not a good person in here, no one is, Stockholm Syndrome, Lima Syndrome, Hurt/Comfort, Fluff and Angst, Smut, Touch-Starved, not as dark as I might make it out to be, I just wanted a fic where Will is in control instead of Hannibal, Panic Attacks, Oral Sex, Sick Character, Hospitals, Caretaking, Hand Feeding
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-06-08 Completed: 2022-07-12 Words: 17,642 Chapters: 7/7

Breaking Hannibal Lecter

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Summary

Prisons have been abolished in America being replaced by forcing criminals into penal labor. They get assigned a handler who can control their every move with the help of futuristic cuffs that punish them with electroshocks if they even think about disobeying an order. It is claimed to be a more humane punishment even with rampant abuse of the prisoners being far too common.

Hannibal Lecter has been in the system for over five years after getting caught as the Chesapeake Ripper and either scared off or downright murdered any handler who tried to control him. The department of justice does not want to admit their system doesn't work so they send him off to the best handler in the country: Will Graham had never gotten a charge he couldn't mould into his own design and now he was assigned to break Hannibal Lecter.

Russian translation availabe.

Notes

Alright so my favorite scenes in Hannibal were usually the ones where Will finally manages get the better of him for once so I kind of decided to write a fanfiction about it.

I hope I'm not the only one enjoying this.

Arrival

Jack Crawford was not a very happy individual at the moment. “This time you went too far.”

He looked into the back of his police car. Penal labor had not been kind to Hannibal Lecter and while he had managed to rip out the throat of his last handler the fight had clearly been a fierce one. Still even with bruises littering his arms and fingers, a broken nose and a black eye he still looked completely in control of the situation sitting in Jack’s car in his orange jump suit and a mask covering his face. At Jack’s words he just raised a subtle eyebrow as if to say: “You can do nothing to me.”

“This placement is your fucking last chance or they might reintroduce the death sentence to America just to get rid of YOU!” Jack scoffed. “If you ask me it’s about half a decade late for that decision everyone who had seen your record at the moment of capture should have decided to shoot you at that very moment.”

There was a hint of a smirk behind Hannibal’s mask. Jack felt about ready to deck that smug bastard damn the consequences but to Hannibal’s and Jack’s career’s luck they had finally arrived at the driveway leading towards the small house in the woods. Loud barking greeted Jack as he pulled up to Wolf Trap and exited the car. He took one deep breath to keep his temper at bay and walked over to the Hannibal’s car door. His grip on Hannibal’s arm as he pulled him out was admittedly a bit harder than needed but it was a lot less than the serial killer deserved.

Before he led him to the house Jack forced Hannibal’s head back and whispered in his ear. “Listen here, you bastard, this is the house of a very dear friend of mine. He has worked with countless vermin like you and I have yet to see a prisoner he hasn’t gotten to kneel at his feet on his own free will after a few weeks with him. I can’t wait to see you broken too.”

Hannibal looked back with eyes filled with defiance. Jack starred at him and opened his mouth to…

“Jack!” Their eye contact was interrupted. “That’s enough.”

The police man let go of Hannibal who used the opportunity to look at his new handler. Over the five years since he was caught he had experienced more handlers than he liked to remember. Most were pathetic and tried to get rid of him after a few days, some were idealist who it was easy it throw of their high horse and some were sadists who liked to make him suffer. All Hannibal could think at seeing his new overseer was how soft he seemed. He wore a comfortable work shirt that had several holes and oil spots as well as jeans and work boots. Over his glasses he was eyeing up Hannibal just as closely as Hannibal was him. Around him three dogs shadowed his every step but Hannibal could see several more waiting in the house. Dogs were bad, it would be a lot harder to sneak around or attack his handler with them around but dogs could also be bribed. Living in the woods was also a double-edged sword: on the one hand there were fewer neighbors to watch Hannibal break the rules or escape on the other hand there were also less possible hostages or places to rob. This man though…

“Will,” Jack greeted him. “I got you your hardest case so far.”

Will wasn’t meeting Hannibal or Jack’s eyes instead preferring to look to the ground. Oddly submissive posturing for someone who was supposed to take complete responsibility for each and every of Hannibal’s action. His voice was steady though as he replied. “I will be the judge of that.”

Jack huffed. “If you say so.” He pushed Hannibal forward hard enough to force him on his knees in front of Will.

Will’s gaze finally met Hannibal’s and a shudder ran down the serial killer’s back. Will looked at him as if he could straight into his soul and it was unsettling feeling. It also felt exhilarating.

Then Will looked back to Jack. “If we could hurry this up a bit I have other things I wanted to do today.”

Jack got a small box out from his belt and pushed a button. “Calibration of the restraints of Hannibal Lecter. New handler:…” He looked at Will with a raised eyebrow.

“…Will Graham.” He answered in a nearly bored tone.

Hannibal winced as the chains around his wrist, ankles and throat gave up a small electric shock.

“Well then let’s see.” Will crouched down to Hannibal’s level and took hold of the mask covering his face. Hannibal forced himself into stillness as Will pulled it off only slightly grimacing as the gag part finally left his mouth for the first time in hours. “Tell me your name.”

Hannibal licked his lips slowly feeling the electricity building up in his cuffs as he delayed following the order. He waited until it was uncomfortable but not unbearable before he answered – no reason to give Will a proper measure on how much pain he could take. “Hannibal Lecter.”

“Hello Hannibal,” Will answered his voice kind – if his demeanor was a mask it was a damn good one. “Handcuffs unlock.”

The magnets keeping Hannibal’s handcuffs connected together released and he slowly let his arms sink to his sides. As Will only smiled and not reprimanded him on relaxing Hannibal started rolling his shoulders to get rid of tension that had been building for days.

Will looked up at Jack. “That would be all Jack.”

The police man just shrugged. “Don’t get yourself murdered, Will.”

“Oh don’t worry I won’t leave you without your best handler so easily.” Will rolled his eyes. “Hannibal follow me.”

Hannibal didn't wait to follow this order only grimacing slightly at the dirt clinging to the trousers of his orange overall. He still greatly disliked filth of any kind but had learned to suppress his reactions to it in his years of servitude. The dogs that had followed Will out were curiously smelling Hannibal but seemed friendly so far.

Will held the door open for Hannibal to enter. Just as he crossed the border he heard Jack's car start and felt himself tense. Jack hated Hannibal with a passion but his sense of duty kept Hannibal relatively save while in his care – Will Graham was a new and unknown evil.

In contrast to Hannibal Will relaxed as he closed the door behind them. He was avoiding eye contact with Hannibal again but his steps were self-assured as he walked over to a chair. He picked up a bundle of clothes of it and walked back to press them into Hannibal's arms. "There's a bathroom up the stairs the first room on the left. Go and take a shower, afterwards you may put those clothes on. Don't deviate from that path, don't touch anything while walking, don't try to escape. While in the bathroom you may use the toilet and there is a new toothbrush on the sink you may use together with the toothpaste next to it. Be back in half an hour at the latest. There is a clock in the bathroom to keep track on time."

"May I use soap and warm water to wash?" Hannibal did his best to keep his tone perfectly polite and demure. He was already expecting a slap for such an insolent question.

But Will only blinked then slowly nodded. "Yes you may.

"Yes master."

Will was waiting on his newest charge at the kitchen table. To be entirely honest it was also the living room table since both rooms were connected as one in his small house. He wondered what Hannibal Lecter was thinking of his new living quarters. Considering he had been five years in the system already he probably had lived through worse.

Winston feeling Will's agitation whined and put his head into his lap. Will smiled down at him and started stroking his head. He shouldn't be so nervous. Hannibal was just a man as everyone else Will had dealt with so far and he would break just like every other man.

Will was reading through Hannibal's file one last time as the man himself came back down the stairs. He was dressed in simple black trousers, a nice white shirt as well as black socks and was looking down himself as if he couldn't quite believe what he was wearing.

It was easy to guess why from a high-profile prisoner in the system. "Not used to wearing something else than racks?"

Hannibal's piercing eyes bored into Will's and for once Will allowed it without looking away. He was standing in front of a predator that had been forced into a corner for too long and

projecting confidence would do a lot to both calm him as well as show that Will wasn't prey.

Finally Hannibal answered. "Not used to wearing clothes at all."

"Ah." Will raised an eyebrow. The file hadn't mentioned sexual service but in the end the files often didn't. Suddenly his sympathy with the last handler Hannibal had who had gotten his throat torn out by his charge's teeth was dwindling down. That didn't mean he wasn't aware Hannibal was trying to manipulate him by raising his protective instincts. Will was more than aware of how soft he seemed to his charges when they met him the first time.

Will closed the file on the table and instead took the pillow he had placed ready on the chair next to him and threw it on the ground in front of him. "Kneel."

Hannibal's eyes widened slightly in surprise but he followed the order without hesitation.

"Right," Will leaned forward in his seat slightly and smiled down at Hannibal. "my name is Will Graham and as you probably already noticed I will be your new handler. I was actually selected personally by one of the bigwigs of the department of justice - you seem to be giving their lovely initiative of getting rid of prisons a bad reputation." He waited for Hannibal to comment but the man didn't. Will was pretty sure Hannibal was using all his willpower not to smirk – the narcissist liked the attention. "Well it seems like I'm their last chance to prove that even the worst criminals can be redeemed before they'll see themselves forced into… worse measures. Do you understand what that means?"

Will took off his glasses, putting them on the table next to him and looked down into Hannibal's eyes again. There was no regret, no fear of death, only the satisfaction of a life well-lived. "Yes master."

"And that brings me to the rules of the household." Will grabbed a whiteboard with a marker from his table and held it out to Hannibal. His charge looked first at the board then at him in bewilderment. "Take it." Hannibal slowly reached out with his hand looking as if he wasn't sure Will wasn't going to go completely insane and attack him. Will felt himself smirk. "You will write down the rules I tell you and afterwards I will hang the board up right here in the living room so you can always walk by them to remind yourself of them. If you do something that shows the need for a new rule it will be added to the board." Hannibal's eyes lit up in understanding and he nodded. "So let's get started with the first rule: drop the whole master-thing."

Hannibal looked down at the board than back up at Will with a frown. "What… should I call you instead?" Will saw the slightest cringe after he stopped speaking as if Hannibal expected to get hit. His former handler seemed more and more like he deserved his sudden death.

"Call me Sir when people are listening, otherwise you can just call me Will."

"Will?" Hannibal carefully and slowly repeated looking at him in doubt.

Will smiled. "I don't need cheap scare tactics to keep my charges in check."

Hannibal slowly lowered his gaze back down and started writing on the whiteboard in very neat, cursive handwriting.

“Next and most important rule:” Will continued and leaned forward just to make sure Hannibal understood how crucial this information was. “Do. Not. Hurt. MY DOGS! I’m aware you will try to escape. I’m aware you will be more than ready to attack or kill me. I don’t care. Use however much force you think appropriate against me or any object in this house and I will deal out a fitting punishment afterwards but nothing excessive. Hurt my dogs and I WILL MAKE SUFFER!” Will didn’t get loud at the last words but his voice got a haunting tone.

Hannibal just continued writing. Will reached out with a hand, ignored Hannibal’s sudden violent twitching, and took hold of his hair to force his head upwards. He didn’t pull hard but his grip was insistent enough that Hannibal had no choice but to look up or lose some of his hair. “Do. You. Understand?”

Hannibal looked at him – considering. Then something in him gave and he swallowed hard. “Yes Will.”

“Lovely.” Will let go off him again. “Moving on, as I said I will appropriately punish you for attacking me or trying to escape. The same goes for any other obvious disobedience but I doubt it will be anything as excessive as your last handler seemed to… have believed would keep you in line.”

“Appropriate.” Oh Hannibal had already gotten braver by the second speaking up so easily. Or maybe he had just realized that Will didn’t mind his charges being outspoken in their opinion. “Do you mean that in the biblical sense? The old testament to be more precise.”

Was he testing Will’s intelligence or was he trying to show off his own? More likely the former considering the easy question he was asking. “An eye for an eye? No although you will notice I’m not much of a new-testament guy either. In addition to the punishment the cuffs will deal out on their own if you try anything…” Will looked pointedly on the black metal bands enclosing Hannibal’s wrists, throat and ankles. “…I’ll usually use something akin to poetic justice. Run away and I’ll forbid you the use of your feet for awhile for example. All I would need to do was say the word and all you could do for the rest of your stay in my house is crawl.”

Hannibal looked him up and down licking his lips nervously – Will was pretty sure he was playing his feelings up to gather sympathy that didn’t mean he wasn’t actually feeling them. “For my entire stay?”

“I doubt you can do anything to anger me that much.” Will admitted. “Trying to escape a prison is a natural human instinct I will not punish you overly much for that.”

Hannibal didn’t answer instead he started writing on the whiteboard again.

Will continued talking. “In my experience trying to get someone to do what you want with punishments alone isn’t very permanent anyway which brings me to the second part of any punishment: You will lose privileges. Since you may think that means you don’t have much

to lose in the beginning I tell you now you also start your time here with certain privileges. Break the rules and they'll be taken away temporary but every day you don't I'll reward you with new ones. The rewards will start small but they'll increase towards bigger things maybe even visiting the city depending on how you do."

"What privileges do I start with?" Hannibal's gaze was guarded. He had been slapped by the hand supposedly trying to feed him one too many times to trust Will's words.

Will leaned forward with a smile already knowing he had won this fight before it even began. "You like to cook, don't you?"

The longing in Hannibal's eyes was big enough to make Will choke before the walls slammed down in the eyes in front him. Hannibal seemed genuinely agitated for the first time since he arrived: His fingers were fidgeting with the whiteboard marker, his breath was coming faster and he was avoiding Will's gaze. "Please don't."

Will raised an eyebrow. "Please don't what?"

"Please don't lie about that." Hannibal's voice was soft enough Will needed to strain to hear it.

"I'm not lying." Will stood up again ignoring Hannibal slightly flinching away from him. He crouched down next to Hannibal and gently took the board and marker out of his hands. "How about we leave it at that for now? As I said we can return to it if we need to add more rules. I for one am quite hungry and would very much enjoy a home-made meal."

Settling in

Chapter Notes

I'm thankful to all of you coming on this trip of madness, hopefully you'll continue to enjoy this story.

Watching Hannibal cook was an experience. After giving him the obvious bans on using the knives for anything else than cooking and especially not to hurt Will, his dogs or himself Hannibal had started gathering his ingredients slowly. Every few seconds he was looking at Will who was still sitting at the kitchen table acting like he was looking though Hannibal's file again. In reality Will was keeping a very close eye on Hannibal but he had no intention from stopping his cooking – something Hannibal clearly expected to happen any second now. Slowly Hannibal became more confident in his movement until he was flying through the kitchen. On the stove two pots and a pan were cooking something meanwhile Hannibal was cutting something on the counter without letting anything get burned. At some point Will had given up on acting busy and instead watched Hannibal in fascination.

Even with how complicated the dish had sounded as Will had asked what Hannibal was making it was finished in half an hour. Will wasn't sure if Hannibal had kept it short because he was worried Will would stop him at some point or because Hannibal was hungry himself.

Hannibal started to plate his creation delicately like Will had only seen in restaurants so far and carried it over to where Will was sitting. Will started taking things off the table to make space for the food and walked to a cabinet to get two glasses. As he returned he saw Hannibal still standing next to the table looking at him with an unsure expression.

Will looked at the single plate on the table then back to Hannibal with a raised eyebrow. "There is only one plate on the table."

Hannibal nodded. "I wasn't sure if you wanted me to eat today."

Not if Will wanted him to eat the gourmet food no if Will wanted him to eat AT ALL today. Will took a deep breath to calm himself and saw Hannibal's eyes slightly widen as he recognized the anger brewing inside him. "Make yourself a plate and bring it to the table." Will said as calmly as he could. "Then return to the whiteboard and write down that everyone in this household will have three full meals and free access to water throughout the day. No exceptions."

Hannibal blinked in surprise and then hurried to follow Will's orders.

As he put the plate down Will told him: "You may sit on the chair opposite me for dinner today. That is a privilege that can be taken away from you in contrast to the food itself."

Hannibal again hesitated as he pulled the chair out for himself but a single look at Will was enough to be reassured this time and he sat down. He first pulled the board towards himself to write down what Will told him then put it away and looked up at Will expectantly.

Will carefully filled his fork with some of the delicious smelling food in front of him and put it in his mouth. He couldn't stop himself from humming appreciatively at the taste. Letting Hannibal cook had definitely been a great idea and he would be very disappointed if he'd ever be forced to take that privilege away. "That tastes wonderful!"

Hannibal's eyes lit up as he heard Will's compliment but he didn't move to take hold of his own fork.

"Please eat," Will gestured to his food. "You more than deserve to taste the fruits of your own labor."

Hannibal slowly, carefully pushed the meat on his fork and raised it to his mouth. As he closed his lips around it he closed his eyes, his face relaxing into a half-smile. Hannibal looked lovely when he smiled Will noticed. He would endeavor to make him smile more often. No need for his charge to be miserable as long as he did what he was told.

They ate in silence only interrupted by Will telling Hannibal to take a second portion if he wanted. Hannibal had rushed into the kitchen before Will had even closed his mouth. Will doubted his last handler had fed him properly – he'd need to change that.

Once they were both finished Hannibal stood again. He looked at Will, frowned uncertainly and then slowly went to his knees in front of Will's chair. "How do you want me to thank you, Ma… Will?"

He was looking at Will's trousers pointedly… Oh no, most certainly not!

Will did his best to not show his anger since Hannibal didn't react well to it last time. "You can return to your whiteboard and write down that I do not require sexual favors as thanks for anything… Actually better correct that into I do not want to have sex with you unless you are actually consenting to it."

And for the first time Will saw Hannibal's mask actually sink low enough to show some of his real face as Hannibal gave him a patronizing look. "Thinking any kind of consent is possible in my situation is insensate." And then his charge froze as if he had just realized what he had said.

Will couldn't help but laugh. "Spoken like a proper psychiatrist. Well then let me rephrase that: I do not require sexual favors, nor will I ask for them or punish you in any way for withholding them. I will also not give you any more privileges for sleeping with me except for you being allowed into my bed. If you decide you still want sex for whatever reason you may approach me and I'll decide if I feel the same."

He actually expected for Hannibal to try at some point. In the end sex made people vulnerable – much easier to pull secrets from them or kill them in their sleep. But on the

other hand Hannibal would need to make himself vulnerable as well to sleep with Will something Will could use to further bind his charge to himself.

But that was a thought for later when… if Hannibal approached him. Until then: “Please take the dishes to the sink. I fear I don’t have a dishwasher so you will have to wash them by hand.”

Hannibal didn’t seem bothered by it taking both plates and carrying them over to the sink. He looked at the pots he used to cook. “There are leftovers.”

“Put them in the fridge we will eat them tomorrow.” Will answered.

Hannibal nodded and after putting the food away he started washing up. Will turned to Buster who had started mouthing at his shirt, clearly wanting some attention. Not one to disappoint Will started to pet him until Hannibal spoke up.

“Will?” The dishes and cooking utensils laid washed and dried on the counter except from one plate Hannibal was holding in his hand. He looked from the plate to Will with a calculating look then said: “I apologize for this.”

And he threw the plate to the ground with enough force that it was obvious it hadn’t just slipped his hand. The dish shattered loudly and Will felt Buster flinch into his leg. He stood up quickly looking around to make sure none of his dogs were close enough to get themselves hurt on the shards.

“There are no dogs in the kitchen area.” Hannibal said tonelessly. “That’s why I threw the plate in here.”

Will raised an eyebrow. “Thinking about delicate dog paws but not of your own two feet? You’re wearing socks you could cut yourself.”

“Will that be my punishment?” Hannibal asked as if he was talking about the weather.

“No,” Will answered. “You will stay exactly where you are while I gather most of the damage in a dust pan. Then you will get a vacuum to make sure there is nothing left you or anyone else could cut themselves on and afterwards we will sit down on the table discuss a proper punishment.”

It was only a matter of a few minutes until Will was satisfied the kitchen area was shard-free and he sat down at the table. Hannibal took a bit more time than needed to return the vacuum to its proper place before he slowly sat down eyes looking straight ahead.

“Why did you throw the plate?” Will cut straight to the chase.

“I do not see how that is relevant.” Hannibal answered.

“It matters quite a lot.” Will disagreed. “How am I supposed to give you an appropriate punishment if I don’t understand your motivation?”

Hannibal raised an eyebrow. “You know my motivation.” You aren’t stupid was implied but not said.

“I do.” Will smiled. “I want to hear you say it.”

Hannibal turned his head his eyes peering into Will’s. “I threw the plate because I wanted to test if you were telling the truth about how you would punish me.”

“And what’s your verdict.”

Hannibal frowned. “That your concept of punishment is quite puzzling.”

“Just because I put some thought into it.” Will answered. “You are clever Hannibal you’ll understand it soon enough. So to summarize you acted out to make me punish you because you didn’t trust me to hold my word and not punish you excessively. You broke the rules because you didn’t trust me so your punishment will be forcing you into trusting me.”

Will stood up and saw Hannibal flinch again but ignored it. He walked to a cupboard at the entrance which he opened in a way that Hannibal couldn’t look inside. Will pulled something out then returned to the table with a blindfold in hand. He held it out for Hannibal to see. “I’d hoped to give you a tour through the house before bed but I guess that will have to wait until tomorrow.”

Hannibal looked at the blindfold in bewilderment then back at Will. “I don’t understand.”

“You acted out because you didn’t trust me so I will put this blindfold on you. Since you don’t know the layout of the house and without your eyesight you will need to trust me to guide you without letting you run into a wall.”

Hannibal’s finger twitched and there was a slight tremble in his voice. “I’m not…”

“Hush!” Will walked around Hannibal and put the blindfold around his face. “I know this is a lot to ask on your first day but you have to realize I want you to trust me. I won’t be able to do my job if you don’t trust my word so I have every incentive to not let you get hurt right now.”

“Yes… yes Will.” Hannibal was the picture of uncomfortable but did not protest any further.

Will finished tying the blindfold and waved a hand in front of Hannibal’s face to test it. He didn’t react and Will smiled. “Well up you get.”

He helped Hannibal stand up who showed unusual grace even while blindfolded and started leading him by the elbow towards the stairs. “Careful, directly in front of you is the first step of the stair case.”

Hannibal slowed down while walking up the stairs but otherwise led himself be lead where Will wanted. He heard a door open and after a few steps more Will pushed him into soft cushions – a couch most likely.

Will let go of his arm and Hannibal instinctively felt for the blindfold.

“Ah, don’t touch that.” Will rebuked.

Electricity started running in Hannibal’s cuffs and he let go of the blindfold quickly. Instead he let his hands fall down into his lab sitting perfectly demurely with his legs together and back straight. Growing up noble did have its advantages in seeming innocuous.

Will laughed somewhere close by – maybe Hannibal was slightly overacting Will was proving to be far more perspective than most handlers he had so far. “You know usually you would have the privilege of reading something I provided at this point in the evening but you seem a bit… preoccupied for that. Still I don’t think what you did deserves a removal of that privilege. What do you think of me reading you a bit from `How to kill a Mockingbird`?”

“That sounds… nice.”

Will had a lovely reading voice and Hannibal felt himself slowly relax into the cushions around him. He wasn’t sure when the last time was he got even a moment to relax and he blamed that fact as his conscious slowly slipped away.

Hannibal woke up in a small bed in a yet unknown room of the house. He groaned and slowly sat up. Someone – Will – had carried him into the bed and left him in his clothes just pulling a blanket over him. Not his preferred way to sleep but still a hundred times better than what he got with his last handler.

He slowly sat up and without further orders he started searching through his room. There was a closet with clothing quite similar to what he already was wearing, a shelf with a handful of books, a very small desk, a chair and a clock. Everything seemed well-used but kept in good form.

Finally curiosity and boredom won over caution and Hannibal left the room. Will seemed like a man that cared little about the rules usually used in penal labor and Hannibal doubted he would become angered at Hannibal not waiting in his room until he got him. Still just to be careful the first thing Hannibal did after closing the door behind him was raising his voice and asking: “Will?”

“Downstairs.” Came the answer.

Hannibal walked down the stairs where Will sat at the same table they ate at yesterday.

“Good morning Hannibal.”

“Good morning Will,” No need to be rude. “Should I start cooking breakfast?” Please let him still be allowed to cook even after what he did yesterday.

Will frowned and Hannibal felt his heart sink until he heard: “Oh, yeah I guess? I usually just skip breakfast.”

Hannibal was sure the look he gave his handler was entirely unimpressed. “I will start with breakfast.” He started walking towards the kitchen corner keeping an eye on Will seeing how he’d react.

Will only gave him an amused smile. “I like my coffee with two sugars. Feel free to make yourself one as well.”

Hannibal really wondered why someone so indulgent was chosen to be his handler. It would be easy to break out with such a weak guardian. Maybe he would even let him life. Most likely not.

Hannibal made it a point to slip some of the dogs a bit of meat while cooking - it never hurt to make yourselves allies out of anyone you could.

Fifteen minutes later Will was digging into breakfast with a lot of gusto considering he usually didn’t eat at all in the mornings. As they ate Will explained the daily routine:”I’ll take the dogs out for their walk in a minute. I expect of you to keep order in the house, keep track of the laundry, make the beds and similar stuff.”

“That’s… all?”

Will looked pointedly around the room that was - to be fair - quite a mess. “Trust me the rest of the house does not look any better. If you get bored after sorting all this I’m sure I’ll find something else for you to do.”

“I thought penal labor was supposed to be a service to society.” Hannibal pointed out. “How am I serving society by being your house maid?”

Will’s smile showed quite a lot of teeth. “You’re serving society by not killing and eating people, HANNIBAL!”

That seemed like a rather dull way to serve anyone if you asked Hannibal and he was going to do his best to get out of it. Still he answered agreeably. “Yes Will.”

Bringing order into the house was an easy way to search for possible escape routes. Hannibal had escaped several times on his own by now only to get captured again later on. It was necessary to get rid of the cuffs to have any chance of a longer time escape since they were equipped with GPS locators. To get rid of the cuffs he needed a certain transponder key Will had probably hidden somewhere around the house. It took several days of searching until Hannibal discovered the fingerprint locked safe hidden in a nook of Will’s room.

There were several other ways to get rid of the cuffs Hannibal could use if he really needed to but in the end why overcomplicate things? Killing Will would bring him to his goal the

easiest. He wasn't allowed to use knifes to hurt anyone but anything could be used as a weapon if you needed it to be.

So Hannibal waited patiently for Will to let his guard around him. The first day he didn't break the rules he got a bar of chocolate as a reward. The second day he was allowed a glass of wine. The third day threw him into a loop. He sat on the same couch he fell asleep on the first night reading a book as Will got out a CD player. Hannibal watched curiously as Will fiddled with it until he heard…

"That's Deh vieni, non tardar." Hannibal couldn't help but close his eyes at hearing the familiar notes. "I didn't know you liked opera."

"I don't especially," Will answered. "I just thought you might enjoy it."

Hannibal would make his death quick and easy. Will Graham at least deserved so much kindness.

The prisoner cuffs Hannibal wore were connected to his brain's activity. Any time he tried to break a rule or intentionally hurt a person – especially his handler – it would shock him with electricity. The trick with it was to deceive your own brain into not thinking about what you are about to do until it was too late for your target.

Hannibal couldn't kill Will in his bed since he always slept surrounded by his dogs and if he was stopped even for a second in what he was doing his brain would catch up and it would be the end of any murder attempt.

He got his chance as Will returned from a fishing trip. The dogs seemed quite knackered out remaining on the porch as Will carried his catch into the house. As he walked past Hannibal he asked. "Could you carry the rest into the house please?"

"Yes Will," Hannibal replied. As he walked outside he saw one Will's lures poking out of his backpack. With a smile he pulled it out and threw the backpack over his shoulder. As he returned to the living room he let the backpack fall to the floor and slowly walked to Will the hook of the lure in his hand. Will didn't react as he closed in. Hannibal let his mind wander to another place in his mind palace, walking through the corridors of the Louvre as he raised his hand to strike.

Seduction

Chapter Notes

Warning: There will be a panic attack with insinuation of former rape but nothing explicit. Everything happening in this chapter is as consensual as possible considering the circumstances and that both sides are manipulating each other.

Also thank you to LadyNyx6 for a detailed description on how to break a fingerprint lock, you little criminal ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal raised his hand to strike, preparing for the pain once his brain caught up with what he was doing. The hook was centimeters from Will's unprotected neck as the man suddenly twisted with more agility than Hannibal had expected and caught Hannibal's arm in his hand easily. For a second Hannibal starred at the hand in surprise than his brain caught up and suddenly the cuffs crackled with electricity and his body locked up. Hannibal yelped in pain and his knees gave away under him but Will's hand held him up. Hannibal looked up with a pained grimace at Will's face that was completely unmoved by his pain, eyes cold and hard. Then Will tossed him aside hard enough for Hannibal to fall into the kitchen cabinet and hit his head on the ground.

"Handcuffs lock." Will sounded completely unaffected.

Hannibal's hands were forced together in front of him. Then feet appeared in his line of sight and a hand forced his head up by the hair ripping out strands of it without care. "That was a pretty stupid idea, Hannibal."

Hannibal had trouble swallowing with his neck forced to bend so far back but he didn't protest instead he went limp in Will's grip.

Will scoffed and let go of him. "Stay where you are and think about what you have done."

He walked back out to the porch and slammed the door close on his way.

Hannibal took several deep breaths then slowly felt his head where it slammed into the floor. He didn't seem to be bleeding and his thoughts were as clear as ever – probably no concussion. There was a dark bruise forming around his wrist and he had cut his cheek as he smashed into the kitchen cabinet.

It seemed like it wouldn't be so easy to kill Will Graham after all.

Will had taken his time with washing his dogs outside on the porch before he returned to Hannibal. Wordlessly he checked Hannibal's head and tested the reaction of his pupils with light. Afterwards he made Hannibal kneel next to the chair Will sat in to work on… something.

Hannibal obeyed without complaints but as it got closer and closer to dinner time he started becoming nervous. On occasion one of the dogs walked over to sniff at Hannibal but Will send them back with a stern word. Finally Will sighed and pushed his chair back from the table. "I'll get started on dinner, stay here."

By now Hannibal had started hurting all over – he had become a bit too old to spend so much time on the ground but what worried him more was if he'd get to eat today. He had a complicated relationship to food since… Mischa – and being starved by most of his masters didn't help. Living with Will had calmed the ravenous monster in him a bit but would this be the point where his handler would refuse Hannibal food? He admittedly had tried to kill him.

Hannibal nearly held his breath as Will started to dish the food and returned to the table with only one plate. Well it wasn't the first night Hannibal would sleep on an empty stomach.

"Open," Will's voice still sounded gruff once he had sat down.

Hannibal blinked at him in confusion.

Will sighed. "Open your mouth. As punishment for what you did I forbid any use of your hands until I tell you otherwise but everyone in this house will still eat three full meals a day. So open your mouth."

Hannibal slowly obeyed. Will leaned closer and fed him a mouth full of fish with rice. It wasn't too badly cooked and the fish was freshly caught, Hannibal felt kind of impressed with his handler's cooking ability. For awhile he had believed Will would just starve if Hannibal left him to his own devices.

Wordlessly Will fed Hannibal the meal bite by bite with occasional interruptions of giving him water to drink. Once they both finished eating Will put his utensils down and stroked affectionally with his hand through Hannibal's hair. His charge froze at first looking at him with wide eyes before minimally leaning into the hand.

Touch-starved, Will's brain provided.

"I'm still angry at you." Will told Hannibal while stroking through his hair carefully. "But I know I can't fully blame you, you're in a difficult situation but I hoped you would consider another solution first before murder." Will sighed. "I guess that was a bit of a silly idea considering who I'm talking to. Continue to take your punishment as well as you did so far

and I'll allow you the use of your hands again in three days. Don't…" Will's hand grabbed a bit of Hannibal's hair and pulled so he had to look up at him. "…and I'll make you regret it."

Hannibal lowered his gaze in submission. Will was more than aware that he was only play-acting.

Living without the use of his hands was a mixture of annoying and boring. Will only let his handcuffs disconnect when he went to the bathroom, showered or needed to stretch during the day and the rest of the time Hannibal was mostly useless. He couldn't very well do the laundry or wash the dishes without use of his hands nor was he allowed to hold a book. Most of the time he sat around watching Will doing things and feeling useless. He was pretty sure that was intentional.

Will had started to occasionally brush his hand along Hannibal's arm or hair as if to remind him that he was there and Hannibal couldn't help but crave the touch. Spending so much time watching every move of Will also made him feel far more emotionally attached to him especially when Will started casual conversations that Hannibal couldn't ignore in his boredom. Will's views on art and philosophy tended to be a bit on the simpler side but were the more fascinating coming from a different point of view. One of Will's dogs – Buster – had also started cuddling up to Hannibal once he had been sitting down for awhile and if Hannibal gave him the occasional pet Will turned a blind eye to the use of his hands.

Still Hannibal was quite happy when he finally was allowed the use of his hands back. Especially since he needed them for the execution of his next plan: He was pretty sure Will had hidden the remote control to the cuffs Hannibal was wearing in a safe Hannibal had found in Will's room while cleaning. It was often recommended to not keep the remote control of the cuffs in the house with the prisoners themselves but malfunctions of the cuffs were happening depressingly often and the amount of electricity released could kill a human in a manner of minutes if they weren't taken off. Will would never risk the life of his charge so easily which meant he most likely kept the key in the safe. The safe itself could only be opened with the right fingerprint. Will probably expected another attack on himself so killing him first and then using his finger to open the safe was a bad idea. But Hannibal might be able to make a print of his finger while he was sleeping and use that to open it. The only problem was that Will slept in another room than Hannibal usually surrounded by dogs. Luckily Will himself had already provided him with a solution.

Hannibal took his chance after a dinner of oysters he had prepared for the occasion as he and Will were sitting together with a glass of wine. Will had sat down on an armchair next to the couch Hannibal was on so Hannibal simply stood up, more or less sat directly in his handler's lap and pressed a kiss on Will's mouth. Sometimes simplicity was key and he was pretty sure Will appreciated directness in his bedroom.

Will blinked at him seeming a bit surprised but mostly amused. "What was that for?"

Hannibal used the smile that had gotten countless women – and some men – into his bed before. “You said sex wasn’t off the table if I was interested. I’m signaling now that I’m officially interested.”

Will looked directly into Hannibal’s eyes – a rare occurrence – before slowly nodding. “You can stop this at any time, just say the word.” And he brushed his lips against Hannibal’s. Hannibal took his chance to deepen the kiss, putting his arms around Will’s shoulders to pull him closer. A memory was trying to push itself to the forefront of his mind but Hannibal slammed a door of his mind palace in its face. He was safe. He was in control.

Will broke their kiss to slowly mouth a trail down Hannibal’s shoulder. “Should we take this to my bed? Might be a bit more comfortable.” He leaned back to give Hannibal a teasing smile. “For such an old man as you.”

Hannibal lightly bit into Will’s shoulder as retaliation. “I assure you I am still quite virile.”

“Can’t wait for you to prove it.”

They started moving towards Will’s room still mouthing at each other and losing some clothing on the way. As Hannibal pushed Will down on his bed his handler had already lost his shirt and was halfway out of his trousers. Hannibal pulled them down entirely and threw them to the side to mouth up Will’s thighs. Will moaned and his hands buried themselves in Hannibal’s hair.

Hannibal froze. He could swear he could feel a dozen hands on him pinching and pulling, the smell of sweat and…

“Hannibal!”

He couldn’t breathe as someone pushed him down on their…

“Hannibal!”

Something grabbed at Hannibal’s shoulder and he pushed it away wildly. He couldn’t… he couldn’t bare another touch…

“HANNIBAL!” Someone forced Hannibal’s face up and he looked into Will’s worried eyes. “Hey, hey, it’s okay. Just breathe for me, yes? In – one, two three – out – one two three.”

Hannibal started breathing and then the realization hit him who he had just pushed away - who he had just attacked. Once his brain processed the information the cuffs sprang into action with full force and Hannibal fell forward with a yelp.

Will caught him before he landed face first on the bed and slowly pulled him down into his arms. “Shhh, everything is alright just breathe.”

For a while all Hannibal did was listening to the heartbeat he heard under his ear and his own breathing. Finally he felt put together enough to talk. “I apologize.”

Will hummed while stroking one hand slowly up and down Hannibal’s back. “What for?”

“For ruining the moment?” Hannibal tried. “I assure you I usually don’t attack my partners unless they ask for it.”

Will chuckled raising Hannibal’s head slightly up and down with it. “I can imagine.”

Hannibal didn’t want to say it but he also didn’t want it hanging over his head: “You should punish me.”

“Nonsense,” Will stopped stroking and instead started drawing meaningless patterns into Hannibal’s back. “You had a panic attack, darling.”

Hannibal was mostly definitively not going to argue over not getting punished even though he couldn’t quite grasp that logic at the moment. “Can we start over?”

“You don’t have to sleep with me Hannibal,” Will said. “It’s okay to just leave it for today.”

“I want to…” Hannibal started mouthing at the chest he was laying on. “…try again. Please.”

“If you say so,” Will replied. “Maybe start a bit simpler this time.”

Hannibal sucked one of Will’s nipples in his mouth while letting his hands wander downwards. Will moaned loudly as Hannibal’s hands closed around his member. It had gone soft after Hannibal’s freak-out but it wasn’t difficult to get it interested again. Hannibal’s started mouthing at Will’s other nipple while twisting his hands in a way that made Will claw his hands in his back. Using his experience it wasn’t hard to make Will spill all over his hand while lightly biting at his chest.

Will took a few breaths with a blissed-out smile on his face before flipping them around with Hannibal on his back and Will kneeling over him. “My turn.”

“You don’t have to…”

Will silenced him with a kiss before smiling down at him. “Let me have my fun.”

“Hannibal, I’ve noticed that some of my laundry has gone missing.”

“Has it?” Hannibal didn’t look up from the laundry he was folding far more neatly than Will had ever done.

“Yes,” Will leaned in closer. “And curiously it’s always my old worn-out clothing with holes. As if the person who washed them was too pretentious to dirty their fingers with worn clothing.”

“Hardly,” Hannibal replied not bothered at all. “That hypothetical person washing your clothes just dislikes seeing anyone running around in rags. You have more than enough

money to buy new and properly fitted clothing."

Will groaned in annoyance. "You're impossible! Just because I don't let clothing go to waste, seriously." And he stormed out of the laundry room.

He never punished Hannibal for throwing clothing away.

"You know if you don't want to have anal sex it's completely fine," Will moaned while Hannibal's hands twisted around his member again. "But we could also just let you be on top."

Hannibal's hands stilled. "You would let me…?"

"Dear god!" Will pushed his mouth against Hannibal's roughly before continuing. "My masculinity isn't that fragile and I more than trust your intelligence to know that just because we sleep together you don't suddenly run the household."

Well in a way he already was running the household considering Will's abdominal track record of skipping meals…

Will smirked down at him. "Come on, Dr. Lecter, it's time for my yearly prostate exam."

Will's soft breaths were the only thing breaking the silence. Luckily Hannibal had never needed a lot of sleep which had come-in handy both in covering up his murders as well as in getting started early enough with his cooking. At this point in time it helped him starting his next escape attempt as he soundlessly slipped out of Will's tight embrace and off the bed which mercifully was dog-less as always when Will and Hannibal slept together. The day before he had made some basic dough out of flour, water, and salt and had hid it under the bed as he brought in the laundry.

It would have been best to mix some sleeping pills into Will's food unfortunately poisoning his handler's food in anyway was quite forbidden and Will would easily notice the amount of electricity running through Hannibal's cuffs if he ever tried it. So he had to be very careful and hope Will was quite exhausted from there nightly activities as he pressed the dough into his pointer finger. For a moment Will's breathing changed and Hannibal froze. Then Will returned to his deep slumber.

Slowly Hannibal felt his way to Will's wardrobe where had found a safe hidden away under some clothing. He held his breath as he opened the wardrobe door carefully so it wouldn't

squeak then pushed a few shirts away to reveal the safe. Hannibal took the dough with Will's fingerprint and pressed it against the scanner…

And was pulled away from the wardrobe by his hair. Hannibal was starting to think Will had some kind of hair-pulling kink. The light turned on and Hannibal blinked up into Will's annoyed expression.

"Well, at least it's not murder this time." Will sighed. "Small blessings, right?"

He hooked his arms around Hannibal's shoulders and pulled him towards the headboard of the bed. Then he took hold of his right hand and pushed it against the metal. "Right handcuff lock!"

The magnet pulled Hannibal's hand the rest of the way up and no matter how much he pulled he couldn't unlock it.

"You'll stay like this until I'm awake enough to think of a proper punishment for you." Will growled and switched the light off again. This time he didn't try to hug Hannibal instead leaving as much space in between them as possible.

Chapter End Notes

Another small cliffhanger about Hannibal's punishment but not so bad as the last. At least he didn't try to kill Will this time.

Your comments make my day :)

Frustration

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will woke up to Hannibal pulling on his handcuff still connected to the bed with an annoyed expression in his face. He couldn't help but smile. "Enjoying yourself?"

Hannibal glowered. "I would prefer if you wouldn't do this again."

Will raised an eyebrow. "Do what?"

Hannibal looked up to the handcuff. "Chain me to any bed."

Will blinked then his eyes widened in understanding. "Ah." He frowned. "If you had any flashbacks about former experiences you could have told me. No matter how angry I was with you I would have helped."

Will had spoken in the past tense over his feeling of anger - a good sign. Should Hannibal play up the distress he felt? No Will would notice. Better to encourage Will's approachability even in anger. "I know." Hannibal answered. "That is probably why I didn't have any flashbacks." He cocked his head. "Would you have let me get back to my own bed if I had been distressed?"

"No." Will answered simply. "I would have just chained you up in this room away from my bed after I calmed you down - with proper bedding and cushions of course."

"Ah." Hannibal's mouth twisted down at the idea of sleeping on the ground.

"Well the situation was your own fault." Will answered. "I remind you that you tried to seduce me just to get access to my fingerprint."

"You hardly needed a lot of seducing." Hannibal answered haughtily. "And I didn't initiate intimacy just for that reason."

"But it WAS your plan?" Will asked. Hannibal avoided his gaze and Will rolled his eyes. He leaned over to kiss Hannibal's lips with a fond smile. "Don't worry I've known from the beginning what your idea was. It was a pretty obvious plan."

"I admit my options are limited." Hannibal shrugged. "If it was so obvious there is no need to punish me, is there?"

"Aha, not so fast!" Will said. "Actually I thought about the perfect punishment for you: Since you tried to manipulate me with sex I'll return the favor: I forbid you from cumming at all the next two weeks."

Hannibal froze. "Excuse me?"

Will kissed his right cheek. “You’re not allowed to cum if we have sex.” He kissed his left cheek. “Nor if you masturbate.”

“You’ve never told me not to masturbate.”

“And I’m still not, I just forbid you from cumming during it.” Will sat up with a smile. “Handcuff unlock.”

Hannibal pulled his right hand to himself, rubbing at his wrist and rolling his shoulder with a pained expression.

“Come on, time for breakfast!” Will stood and started searching for his shirt that had ended up somewhere on the ground last night.

“You say that as if I’m not the one who needs to make it beforehand.” Hannibal sighed. “And please put a fresh shirt on.”

Will frowned. “That would mean more laundry.”

“That I AM doing!”

“Fine!” Will shrugged and pulled one of the freshly laundered and perfectly ironed shirts out of the wardrobe.

Hannibal was clearly getting frustrated to be refused an orgasm after weeks of daily sex and Will loved teasing him. He constantly leaned into his back as he was cooking or let his hand teasingly wander up Hannibal’s arm or gave him a quick peck on the cheek. His charge was sounding more annoyed every day but did not try to involve Will in any other sexual activity nor asked him for relieve.

One morning Will walked down the stairs and frowned since he could smell neither food nor coffee. Usually Hannibal was awake before him. Apparently that was the case today as well since Will could see him leaning on the kitchen counter with a cup of tea in his hand.

“Why is there no breakfast?” Will asked confused.

“Because SOMEONE seems to have forgot to buy groceries.” Hannibal answered simply. “ANY kind of groceries. May I ask how you survived your last thirty years on earth without me?”

“May I remind you that you are not the first prisoner I took responsibility for?” Will replied.

“Did the one before me die of starvation?” Hannibal answered.

“Mind your tone!” Will reprimanded firm but not aggressively. He didn’t really mind Hannibal’s sarcasm he enjoyed their occasional arguing far too much. “Well I guess we need to go grocery shopping.”

“We?” Hannibal repeated with a frown.

“Yes,” Will walked to the coat hanger next to the house entrance and chose a fancy looking greatcoat Alana had gifted him last Christmas. “Since I’m at fault for you not getting a proper breakfast I’ll make it up to you.” He took the coat and threw it towards Hannibal. “You may go to the grocery store with me and choose what we need for a proper brunch.”

Will felt like he got a second shadow with how close Hannibal kept to his side inside the grocery store. He wasn’t quiet about his opinion of the groceries Will chose to put in their card but even at his snarkiest he refused to budge even a centimeter from his side.

Finally Will turned to him. “Are you okay? You’re keeping kind of close.”

Hannibal flinched as someone walked by him close enough to brush his shoulder then frowned. “It’s just… been awhile since I was surrounded by so many people. I’ll get used to it again.”

Not that he needed to get used to it, Will thought guiltily. Hannibal Lecter had been convicted to a life of serving in the system of penal labor it was unlikely he would ever need to be around many people again or even allowed around them. Still it was kind of sad seeing the proud Hannibal twitch nervously at too loud noises like an abused dog.

“Maybe I’ll just let you buy the groceries online from now on.” Will proposed. “If you need fresh air you can still come along when I walk the dogs.”

“Hannibal where is my aftershave?” Will shouted from the bathroom.

“There is an aftershave on the bathroom counter.” Hannibal replied from downstairs.

“I wanted to know where MY aftershave is.”

“It smelled like something with a ship on the bottle.” Hannibal answered as if that was an explanation.

“It had a ship on the bottle.”

“Well no wonder it smelled so terrible then.” Hannibal said without any remorse.

“Dear god!”

“Jack is coming by in an hour.”

Hannibal who was in the middle of sketching a picture of a bombastic church Will didn’t recognize froze. “Is there a reason?”

“He definitively wants to check up on you but I think there is more to it.” Will shrugged. “We will find out.”

“Ah.”

“Jack coming by means you need to be on your best behavior.” Will said. “If you mouth off or disobey orders I’ll have no choice but to punish you a lot more severally than you’d probably like. Do you understand that?”

Hannibal put his pencil to the side, carefully closed his block of drawing paper Will had gifted him and then slipped to his knees in front of Will’s chair. “Yes Sir.”

Will caressed the top of his head with a hand. “Good boy.”

“He’s giving you no trouble?” Jack was eyeing Hannibal up who was putting on the picture-perfect act of the demure prisoner kneeling at his master’s feet. He kept his face down to hide the smirk he felt tugging on his lips.

“Nothing I couldn’t handle.” Will answered brushing a stray lock away from Hannibal’s eyes. “Is that the only reason you came Jack? To see if Hannibal already murdered me without anyone noticing.”

“No.” Jack answered curtly. “Even though I wouldn’t exclude that possibility. No, a prisoner you got caught years ago apparently escaped his handler and I wanted to warn you just in case.”

Will frowned. “Who was it?”

“The tooth fairy.”

“I didn’t know you had worked in law enforcement.” Hannibal said as he cut tomatoes in perfect little pieces.

“There is a lot you don’t know about me.” Will answered while filling out some kind of paperwork on the table.

“I’d gather you were pretty good at it.” Hannibal replied. “Considering your empathy disorder.”

Will looked up but didn’t seem too surprised at Hannibal figuring out his illness. “I guess I wasn’t too bad.”

“Why did you stop?”

“Why did you stop being a surgeon?” Will shot back.

Hannibal cocked his head at the question. “There was someone I couldn’t save.” Then he raised an expectant eyebrow as if to say `Your turn`.

Will bit his lip before he sighed and put his pen away. “It wasn’t… good for my mental state to let all those killers inside my head.”

“So now you only let one killer at a time in your head instead?” Hannibal asked.

Will smiled. “Something like that. The way I’m doing it now means I may put a bit of a killer inside my head but I can also put just as much of myself back inside theirs. It’s a fair exchange if you ask me.”

The conversation stopped at that leaving Hannibal to think how much of Will Graham might already be buried under his skin.

The exact moment Will had lifted Hannibal’s ban on orgasms Hannibal had pulled him into his arms kissing him deeply. Will wasn’t a monster and went down on his knees to take Hannibal in his mouth and finally give him some relief. His charge thanked him quiet thoroughly afterwards.

Hannibal had had his next escape planned out since before he even met Will but he had tried to avoid executing the plan until now. It wasn't exactly something anyone could consider safe but desperate times called for desperate matters. And as much as he appreciated Will's company he really missed the thrill of the hunt and going outside whenever he wanted to.

He waited until Will was gone on another fishing trip and half an hour after he left Hannibal pushed the laundry aside and went into the kitchen to acquire a fork. Hannibal put on the rubber gloves he used for cleaning and rammed the fork into the plug socket. Then he carefully held his left handcuff to the fork. The electricity ran up his body and made his muscle twitch and tremble and he fell backwards with a shout. It took a bit before he had his body back under control enough to look at the fried handcuff but when he did a satisfied smirk appeared on his face. It was blackened and gave off small fume clouds – clearly destroyed beyond saving.

Years ago one of Hannibal's footcuffs had stopped working because of a small crack that had let water enter and damage the electronic components. It hadn't taken him long to discover that the cuffs were connected in such a way that when one of them short-circuited the others stopped functioning as well. His former owner had discovered it too but by then it had already been too late for her. Luckily for Will Hannibal had no intention to attack him with his new found freedom.

But first it was time to test if his plan had actually worked: Hannibal took a knife from the kitchen cupboard and pushed his thumb into it until it was bleeding. Even though Will had forbidden him from using the kitchen knives to hurt himself or others the cuffs remained dead. Hannibal grinned.

The forest was most definitely not the landscape most suited to Hannibal. He was making progress but he honestly couldn't tell how far away he was from the next settlement and he didn't dare walking next to the road since Will might run into him on his way back to the house.

Still the weather was lovely and Hannibal couldn't help but smile up at the sun. He hummed to himself as he pushed aside branches and pushed through gaps in the coppice. It was like the sky was smiling down at his escape.

And then he heard a dog bark further back from where he had just come from. Hannibal cursed and tried quickening his steps but the thick boscage made it nearly impossible. Another dog's barks joined the first ones then a whistle Hannibal recognized as the one Will used. He cursed again, turned around in a small clearing and gripped the knife tighter. He wouldn't be able to outrun seven dogs and Will probably knew the forest better than anyone so it seemed best to meet his opponents head on.

Seconds later the dogs were upon him. Winston was first and Hannibal only just managed to jump out of the way before he bowled him over. Ellie took his place biting into the sleeve of

Hannibal’s coat together with Zoe. Hannibal twisted out of the coat and let if fall to the ground. Harley pushed against his legs and Hannibal stumbled and nearly fell. He looked at the knife in his hand and raised it before thinking off how Will would react if one of his dogs died because of Hannibal. He hesitated and Heidee rammed into him finally pushing him to the ground and making him loose the grip on the knife which went flying into the boscage.

Once he had fallen Hannibal stood little chance against the entire pack and seconds later he was lying on the forest floor with seven dogs keeping him pinned down. He heard Will approach before he could see him through the swarm of fur on his chest.

“Handcuffs lock!” Will sounded pissed. The handcuffs didn’t react and Will growled in frustration. “Really? Fine I guess that was to be expected, let’s do this the old-fashioned way.”

He took hold of Hannibal’s wrists and the dogs obediently made space wherever Will touched so he could easily pull them together and wrap a rough-feeling rope around them. Afterwards he whistled and the dogs jumped off Hannibal so Will could pull him to his feet by the length of rope still connected to his wrists.

Then he pushed him forwards. “Walk!”

Chapter End Notes

Boys and girls please DO NOT put a fork into a plug socket and DEFINITELY don't electrocute yourself with it!

Also I have to say Hannibal was aware he was going to get caught when he didn't attack Will's dog with a knive so he would have to live with the consequences Will would have dealt out it he hurt his poor puppies. But I'm not saying that was what he was thinking about at the time :)

Getting hurt

Chapter Notes

Sorry for only updating now. I actually had the chapter written already but was too busy and only noticed now I didn't publish it already. The next chapter comes in the time of a week.

Warning: Threatened Rape/Non-con (not from Will) but nothing actually happens.

Once they had returned to the house after Hannibal's latest escape attempt Will had pulled out the mask that Hannibal had came in and fitted it over his face before tying him to a kitchen chair. "You'll stay here and be silent until I straighten out your mess!"

Straightening out Hannibal's mess persisted of calling some kind of technician to come over to the house urgently to repair the damage done to the cuffs. While waiting for him to arrive Will gave his dogs an excess of praise and treats, put the laundry away that Hannibal had just left in the living room and started on dinner. Shortly before the technician was supposed to arrive he got the control remote for the cuffs out of his room and took off all five of Hannibal's cuffs. At least he tried to take all of them but the cuff on his right hand refused to budge and after some shaking Will gave up and just left it to return to cooking dinner. During all of that time Hannibal remained still and silent in his chair.

Finally the technician arrived and as Will let him in he started looking around the room frowning until his eyes fell on Hannibal. He raised an eyebrow. "He's the troublemaker?"

Will sighed. "You could say that. He broke his right handcuff." He pointed to where the cuff refused to be removed. "And it somehow short-circuited all connected cuffs so he doesn't have to obey my orders anymore."

"I'll take a look." The technician got out some tools and Will turned back to dinner.

A pained muffled shout made him turn around again. Hannibal glared at the technician as if he wanted to kill him slowly and painfully while the man was bent over him. Will frowned. "Everything alright there?"

The technician nodded and held up a cuff. "I got it off."

"Good." But Will continued to keep an eye on him while he started tinkering with the cuff. Something gave him a bad feeling about the situation.

After a few minutes the guy sighed. “Yeah that one’s fried. I brought some extra cuffs I’d recommend you use until I manage to repair these back in the workshop.”

“Right that sounds reasonable.” Will nodded. “How much do I owe you?”

The technicians took out a package of new cuffs and a corresponding control remote and put them on the table. Then he put his finger on his chin in an obvious attempt to act as if he was thinking hard. “Usually those things cost a few hundred but you know I could give you a discount if you could allow me some… alone time with him!” He leered at Hannibal whose eyes widened and turned to Will. The horror showing in Hannibal’s eyes was enough to nearly drown Will. What hurt even more was the realization that some part of Hannibal honestly believed Will might actually accept the technician’s offer.

“Get out!” Will whispered.

“What?” The technician asked.

Will straightened to his full height and let some of the fury he felt show on his face. “Get out my house and don’t you dare ever darken my doorstep ever again!”

“Hey, no need to get so defensive.” The technician laughed and held his hands up. “He’s just another scum on the earth, at least I’d make some proper use of him.”

Will whistled and at once all his off his dogs jumped to attention and started growling at the technician. “OUT! Send the fucking bill per mail.”

The technician cursed, grabbed his tools and walked backwards towards the door. “You’re fucking mental, you hear me? I’ll tell the higher-ups what’s going on here.” And he ran off.

Will whistled again and the dogs started relaxing once more. Buster walked over to Hannibal and rubbed his head affectionally on his leg. It was like he had not just hunted Hannibal down in the woods with the rest of his pack. Will shook his head and grabbed the extra cuffs the technician left behind. Hannibal mumbled something behind his mask but Will ignored him as he connected the cuffs to his wrists, ankles and throat.

He took the control remote and talked into it:”Calibration of the restraints of Hannibal Lecter. New handler: Will Graham.” The cuffs jumped alive and Will sighed in relieve. “At least that bastard was good for something.”

Will took hold of the mask over Hannibal’s face and pulled it off. Hannibal took a deep breath as if he had been drowning and finally be able to take that one life-saving breath. “Thank you.”

“Hannibal don’t misunderstand me, I’m fucking pissed at you but…” Will knelt next to Hannibal and put his forehead to Hannibal’s. “…I will never let someone touch you like that. I will protect you and if it’s the last thing I’ll ever do.”

Hannibal closed his eyes and leaned his head into Will’s.

Will made true of the threat he made the first day and forbid Hannibal the use of his legs. Unfortunately that didn't mean he didn't expect Hannibal to still do most of the housework. Rather Hannibal was expected to crawl on all fours to get where he needed to go. The dogs had looked at him weirdly the first time they saw him do it but soon got used to the weird human's antics. On the positive side Will allowed Hannibal to stand up for cooking. If that was because he appreciated Hannibal's restraint in not killing any of his dogs or because he would miss Hannibal's food Hannibal didn't know.

The situation could have definitely been worse until the pain started. In the beginning it was only a slight twinge in his arm, easily ignored. Hannibal was probably just a bit old to crawl around the floor every day. Then the pain started growing. As Hannibal moved the laundry basket with his arm one day it suddenly flared up enough that he needed to suppress a shout. Over the next few days his arm started to swell and an ugly purple bruise started forming that hadn't been there before. At night Hannibal could barely catch any sleep the pain had grown so intense and he finally decided to tell Will. Even if Will did think Hannibal was faking the pain to get out of the punishment… his punishment for lying wouldn't be too bad, would it? Maybe just not talking for awhile or something. Survivable.

In the morning Hannibal was fumbling with the coffee machine for the first time since he arrived considering it clearly wasn't made to be used one-handed. As another stab of pain shot up his arm he accidentally let the – thankfully metal – cattle filled with water fall to the ground and cursed loudly in Lithuanian.

"Hannibal, are you alright?" Will had somehow appeared behind him without Hannibal noticing - clearly the pain was doing terrible things to his awareness.

Well he had wanted to tell him anyway didn't he? Hannibal took a deep breath and turned around. "I think I might have a fracture."

"You… a fracture where?"

Suddenly Will was standing in front of him looking him up and down worriedly and Hannibal didn't know when it had happened. Slowly Hannibal pushed the sleeve of his shirt up revealing the purple bruise that had somehow grown even further since he'd last looked at it. Will took hold of his arm with a very careful grip but Hannibal still hissed in pain.

"You should sit down you're pale as a ghost."

Hannibal nearly went back down to his knees and crawled in pure instinct but Will's arm around his waist held him up. "No, no, punishment is halted until we figure out what's wrong with you." He nearly carried Hannibal to the chair nearby and sat him down. Then he carefully took hold of his arm again and letting his fingertips wander it up and down in search of something.

"I don't claim to be injured just to get out of my punishment." Hannibal felt the need to say.

“I know.” Will answered as if he had never even thought about the possibility - as if it wasn’t something Hannibal would definitely do if it brought him an advantage. “You said you think it’s a fracture?”

“The pain, swelling and bruising and the fact I can barely move the arm are good indicators.” Hannibal replied. “Even though I’d need to see an x-ray to be sure.”

“What caused the injury?”

“I’m not sure, the initial breaking of the bone might have happened in the forest and the symptoms only started later because I shifted the arm wrong. But considering how often I was injured in the last years combined with malnourishment the bone is weakened anyway it could have happened anytime.”

“Right, stay there I’ll be right back.” Will hurried off to his room and Hannibal did as he was told taking deep breaths to prevent himself from throwing up. Still his mood had improved immensely just by the simple fact that Will believed him. Will would fix it.

Then he was reminded again of the fact why he had always made sure in his years on this earth to have a good awareness of his surroundings as the needle buried itself in his uninjured arm. He flinched back but it was already too late and Will had injected whatever was in the needle in his blood stream.

“Sorry,” Will looked actually apologetic as he put the needle away. “But I need to bring you to a hospital.”

Some of the betrayal Hannibal felt was probably showing on his face. “What was in there?”

“Just a narcotic.” Will answered. “It will make you drowsy and you’ll probably lose some time but it’s only for a few hours.”

“Why?”

“I’m sorry but I either have to take you properly restraint or drugged to the hospital and I refuse to injure your arm further.”

Most people thought sleeping drugs worked immediately once they were inserted into the blood stream but that was not the case - it always took at least a few seconds before the patient was fully knocked out. Not that that helped much as Hannibal felt the drowsiness creep up on him making it harder to keep his mind working and his eyes open.

“You could have asked.” Hannibal complained. “That was rude of you Will.”

“Would you have said yes?” Will asked and seemed to have read the answer in Hannibal’s face because he continued. “As your handler your health is in my hands Hannibal. Me drugging you is just as rude as a surgeon having to use narcotics to calm a confused patient down.”

Hannibal’s thoughts had slowed to a crawl making it difficult to think of a response. His body was slowly sinking in on itself and Will put his arms around him to stop him from falling

over.

“Shhh, I promise everything will be fine once you wake up. Just go to sleep.”

The next time Hannibal was opening his eyes he was sitting in a car as Will fit Hannibal’s mask back over his face. Hannibal made a disgruntled noise as the gag slipped back into his mouth but Will only hushed him again. “It’s regulation that you have to wear this. I’ll take it off once we’re back home.”

Hannibal slipped back into unconsciousness.

Hannibal became aware of voices around him. An unknown female voice sounding disgruntled said: “He’s probably just faking it I don’t know why you even brought him in.”

Will sounded similar disgruntled as he answered. “He is not faking it!”

She laughed. “Oh believe me I’ve been working here for years and I saw Hannibal Lecter twist so many of his handlers and nurses around his little finger. You’re just another in a long line of people falling for his charm.”

Hannibal heard movement and then Will’s voice again hard as steel. “Listen here, Miss! I’ve been the only handler to hold on to Hannibal for more than a few weeks. Everyone else either got scared off, let him escape or got themselves murdered by him so as the only one who seemed to have the slightest idea on how to keep Hannibal Lecter under control: His arm has a fracture. Put him in the goddamned x-ray machine or I’ll complain to the department of justice myself that you are hindering me in the rehabilitation they tasked me with.”

“Fine,” the woman huffed. “But don’t complain if it shows that he was in perfect health the entire time.”

The darkness took over again.

Hannibal came to himself lying on an uncomfortable bed but the constant beeping and far-away voices calmed him down somewhat. Even years after stopping work as a surgeon the

sounds of a hospital surrounding him could still do wonders to calm his nerves. The pain in his arm had reduced into a light throbbing and the mask had been taken off.

“Hannibal?” Will’s voice seemed quite close. “Hannibal I know you`re awake.”

As Hannibal opened his eyes he saw Will’s face hovering over him. “Will.” Was the only thing he could think of saying.

“Hey,” Will smiled at him. “Seems like you were right about the fracture-thing. They put your arm in a cast and they say you can take it off in a few weeks, luckily it was only a minor break. You can stay the night under surveillance here just to make sure nothing out of the ordinary happens or I can take you back home if you want.”

Logically Hannibal should stay in the hospital. It offered a lot more options to escape starting with the medical equipment he could use to all the people that weren’t even half as clever as Will that he could charm to do what he wanted. But still under the influence of drugs, lying injured and cold in a hospital bed and with Will hovering over him all he said was: “I want to go home.”

Poetic Justice

Chapter Notes

> It's a bit early for the next chapter but I feel kind of blue in the moment and this story is making me feel better. Hope you enjoy it as always

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You’re fussing Will,” Hannibal pointed out. He was lying in a nest of pillows with Will still pulling out more from somewhere. On his nightstand was a bottle of water together with several small chocolate bars and an apple. A pile of books lay next to the nightstand together on the ground together with the CD player and several CDs of Hannibal’s favorite opera music.

“No standing up from the bed unless for going to the bathroom.” Will told him pulling a blanket up to his chin.

“Do I still need to crawl?” Hannibal asked more to tease his handler than because he didn’t know the answer.

“Absolutely not!” Will sounded appalled. “Punishments over, I think you learned your lessons with your broken arm.” A small smirk appeared on his face. “Anyway being stuck in bed for a week is probably far more punishing than anything I could think off.”

Hannibal scowled back and Will bent over to kiss it away. “New rule you can put on the whiteboard once you’re back on your feet again: No work if you’re sick.” Will frowned. “Wait you broke your right arm, can you even write like that?”

“I`m ambidextrous.” Hannibal answered.

“Of course you are.” Will rolled his eyes. “Get some rest.” And he left the room.

Lying around all day did not agree with Hannibal and soon his body was buzzing with unburned energy. He tried getting rid of it by drawing but even that couldn’t keep him entertained for an entire week. Both Will and the occasional dog came for a visit and even though Hannibal had never been especially fond of dogs he felt relieved with any company he could get. Especially Buster came by regularly it seemed like Hannibal had managed to get at least one of Will’s dogs on his side with time. Buster barely even jumped off the bed if Will asked for it.

Absolute boredom both ruined Hannibal's circadian cycle as well as made him more aware of the noises the house made. So when the noises suddenly changed one night Hannibal sat upright in the bed. Something was wrong. Buster who had slept in Hannibal's room today sat up too either feeling Hannibal's agitation or hearing what Hannibal had heard. Then somewhere in the house a dog howled.

A door opened and considering how close it was he was pretty sure it was Will's. Hannibal wasn't quite sure if Will opened the door or someone else did.

Will had told him to stay in bed – ordered Hannibal to stay in bed and even though Hannibal was pretty sure that Will wouldn't mind him standing up in the case of a home invasion but the cuffs wouldn't care. But Hannibal was allowed to walk to the bathroom at least. That was definitely what he was doing as he stood up from the bed and crept out the door of his room. Buster followed him just as quietly. As Hannibal reached the top of the stairs he heard the smashing of glass. Then suddenly he saw the body of a dog go flying through the air and hit a wall. The bathroom was upstairs which meant following Will's order forbid him from using the stairs. Instead Hannibal leaned as far into the stairs as he could and saw two silhouettes wrestle in the dark. One was smaller and lanky the other big and looming. The bigger person landed a hit on the smaller one and Will shouted in pain.

Hannibal should just stay where he was and watch. The person attacking Will was most likely the prisoner Jack had warned about and there was a good chance he either didn't know Hannibal was there or wouldn't care to kill Hannibal either way. With Will dead Hannibal could just use his handler's finger to get to the control remote to his cuffs and he'd be gone before anyone even noticed.

Instead Hannibal ran down the stairs feeling the cuffs beginning to crackle with electricity as he disobeyed an order. He took hold of a flower vase in the living room and smashed it over the tooth fairy's head. The escapee went down as did Hannibal. It was forbidden for him to hurt any person and sadly the cuffs didn't care if they were an escaped prisoner or not – not speaking of the fact that Hannibal was most definitely not on the way to the bathroom.

As the cuffs finally took a break with the electricity Hannibal raised his head from the ground to see Will kneeling on the tooth fairies chest trying to keep him pinned down. His dogs were pulling on the fairies sleeves and trousers trying to help and being far less careful with him than they had been with Hannibal. Claw and teeth marks covered the escapee's arms and legs but he still fought like a wild man.

Hannibal fought himself back to his feet even though the cuffs still tried to get him to return to the bathroom with occasional shocks and stumbled over to the kitchen area. He pulled a knife out of a cupboard and shouted for Will. "Catch!"

He threw the knife which skittered across the floor where Will picked it up and buried it in the fairy's throat. After a few seconds the fight died down and Hannibal let himself sink to the floor still getting shocked but too exhausted to move.

"Hannibal!" Will stood in front of him, covered in blood, sweaty and the most beautiful creature Hannibal had ever seen. "You saved me!" He knelt down next to him and pulled him

into a kiss his hands leaving bloody handprints on Hannibal's cheeks. Another electric shock went through Hannibal and Will frowned. "What's wrong?"

"You told me to only… leave the bed to go to the bathroom." Hannibal answered between clenched teeth.

"I take it back!" Will hurried to say. "I take the order back you can go wherever you want in the house."

Hannibal slumped in relief further into Will's arms who pulled him close and pressed kisses into his hair. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry for hurting you like that I promise I'll make it up to you."

The police had come by to take the body with them. Jack was one of them and clearly suspicious upon hearing of Hannibal saving Will's life but Will didn't care. He let Hannibal kneel next to his chair as paramedics checked them both over but refused to let anyone else near his charge. Hannibal seemed thankful of the protection and pressed himself into Will's legs.

Finally long after the sun rose they could return to bed but Will didn't let Hannibal return to his own room instead putting him in Will's bed and pulling him into a tight embrace. Hannibal leaned into it even giving him a goodnight kiss.

The next morning they returned to their routine but something had changed in the mood of the house. It was the first time Will really wondered if he had actually managed to tame Hannibal Lecter. Unfortunately for him Hannibal had similar thoughts and made a phone call the next time Will was out fishing.

"What do you think about going to the Opera together?"

Hannibal frowned and looked up from the table he was polishing. His cast had been removed days before and even with Will insisting he take it easy Hannibal needed to get his energy out. "Excuse me?"

Will smiled at him from the table he was designing his lures at. "Us going to the opera. You deserve a reward after saving my life like that.

The idea sounded absolutely wonderful but… "Would that even be allowed?"

Will shrugged. "I'm sure I could make it work but it might mean some restraints for you."

“As long as you don’t drug me to sleep through the opera.”

Will rolled his eyes. “That would kind of miss the point, wouldn’t it?”

Hannibal smirked. “Maybe you just wanted a pretty date for the opera.”

“If you don’t want to go…”

“No,” Hannibal walked over to where Will was sitting and gave him a quick peck on the lips. “It sounds absolutely delightful.”

“Good,” Will smiled up at him. “I’ll start planning.”

“Do that.” Hannibal answered even though he doubted Will would ever get the chance to put into practice what he had just promised.

The next day Hannibal found a note lying with the groceries he got delivered every day together on the doorstep. It was written in Lithuanian: “Don’t be in the house today at twelve. Make sure he is.”

He took the note and wrote: “Don’t kill him.” On the backside in the same language and left it where he found it. An hour later it was gone.

It wasn’t too hard to gain access to Will’s phone nor was it too fake a message from Jack asking to meet him at 12:00 in the house. It took some discussion and a lot of kisses but Hannibal managed to be allowed to take the dogs out on a run on his own instead of “meeting Jack”. As they were a good distance from Wolf Trap Hannibal heard a gunshot. The dogs started getting unsettled but Hannibal managed to calm them with a few words and pets but he still cut the walk short. He trusted Chiyoh to follow his orders but Will could be quite stubborn if he wanted to be.

As Hannibal stepped back in the house Will was lying on the ground unconscious with a wound in his shoulder leaking blood. Hannibal knelt next to him immediately to make sure the wound wasn’t life-threatening.

“He’s still alive.” Chiyoh said.

Hannibal raised an eyebrow. “I see that. Could you bring the first-aid kit from over the sink?”

“We don’t have time.” Chiyoh pointed out. “He could wake any moment and order you to attack me or something. We need to get the cuffs off beforehand.”

Hannibal sighed but nodded and put his arms under Will’s body to carry him bridal style. They reached his bedroom and the safe easily where Hannibal took the control remote out to remove his cuffs.

Will woke up lying in his own bed. His head and left shoulder were pounding with pain, his right hand was pulled upwards to the headboard and he couldn't move it down. As he slowly opened his eyes blinking against the light he saw Hannibal leaning in the doorframe. He was speaking to someone Will couldn't see in a language he didn't understand but assumed was Lithuanian. It took a second before Will notice that the cuffs around Hannibal's throat and wrists were gone. With a sharp breath Will's upper body shot up and he turned his head to see the very same cuff Hannibal had just worn on his own right hand. The magnet had been engaged keeping him connected to the headboard.

The movement had aggravated his shoulder and with a pained whine Will let himself settle back into the bed, it's not like he could do anything to get the cuffs off. He had lost. In the end Jack had been right Will hadn't been able to control Hannibal and now he'd probably die for it.

"Will," Hannibal had stepped toward the bed in the short time Will had been distracted. "How are you feeling?"

"Like shit." Will answered. "I guess I can thank you for that."

"Not him," A woman with long black hair put up in a complicated pattern of knots followed Hannibal into the room. She held a hunter rifle and her English was heavily accentuated. "I shot you."

"On my orders admittedly." Hannibal added. "So it's not entirely Chiyoh's fault."

"Why am I still alive?" Will demanded to know.

"He does that." Chiyoh said in an uncaring voice. "Make his former handlers life by the rules he had to live by. Sees how long it takes them to beg for mercy."

Will frowned at Hannibal. "You did this before? Why not simply run away?"

"We would have left this horrible country a long time ago if he'd do that." Chiyoh agreed.

Hannibal shrugged. "I enjoy this kind of hunt far too much. I could rid this world of the truly unworthy while proving America that there prison system was doomed from the very beginning. It was hilarious that they thought anything so primitive could break me. Nothing can break me." He sat on the bed next to Will and let his hand run through Will's hair in a gentle gesture. "At least until I met you. You should be happy with yourself Will Graham, you managed to break Hannibal Lecter."

"You're not the one in chains." Will replied.

"Not in visible ones." Hannibal answered. "I should be trying to make you suffer for trying to keep me chained up. I should have you begging at my feet and here I am wanting to worship

yours. I love you Will Graham."

"If you truly love me let me go." Will tried.

"Oh no, I fear that will never happen. You chained myself to you – entangled us both closer and closer in the most exquisite shackles that I will never be able to break. Now you'll have to live with the consequences." Hannibal pulled him into a deep kiss and Will didn't resist.

"This is a bad idea." Chiyoh commented.

Hannibal didn't look up from Will's eyes as he told her: "Chiyoh prepare our departure, I'll await you back in a week."

"And what will you do until then?"

Hannibal smiled. "The same as I did the last times: Make Will live by the rules he made me live by."

Chapter End Notes

So I promised a story where Will is in control and now Hannibal still beats him in the end... sorry I guess but Will kind of still won considering he managed to tame Hannibal. It's just that Hannibal is tame in a way that means he would never let harm come to Will, he couldn't care less about everyone else in the world though :D

And yes Hannibal is completly insane in this story for keep suffering in his hunt of poetic justice but I could really imagine him doing that.

There'll be one more chapter to conclude this story a bit more but I warn you now: Like with a lot of my short stories a lot is left to your imagination. But if someone has an idea I'm both open to more story ideas to write as well as to read a continuation of one of my lovely readers.

Home

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal pushed Will back into the mattress for the third time since Chiyoh left. “You should stay in bed.”

“I thought you’d make me life by the rules I gave you.” Will growled. “Wouldn’t that mean I have to do house work?”

“Last rule: No work if you’re sick.” Hannibal replied. “Shall I get the whiteboard to prove it?”

Will groaned and let himself sink back into the cushions. “No, I remember. So I’m just supposed to lie here and do nothing?”

“Let your shoulder recover until tomorrow, the wound isn’t serious you probably can start moving then.” Hannibal kissed his forehead. “If you don’t break the rules you get a reward in the evening, remember?”

Will looked at him suspiciously. “Are you holding me in bed to have sex this evening?”

“I do not require sexual favors as thanks for anything.” Hannibal repeated Will’s own rules to him. “Just say the word and I will not touch you but Will…” He stroked a hand up Will’s arm making him shiver. “…I know you manipulated me with touch knowing how starved I am for it but you are just as hungry for human contact. You have been lonely for far too long, don’t deny yourself what you clearly want.”

Will turned his head away pointedly. Hannibal sighed and stood up. “I’ll come back with dinner in an hour.”

The next day Will was finally allowed out of the room again.

“So what should I do?” Will asked. “Shall I cook breakfast?”

“Absolutely not!” Hannibal more or less pushed himself in between Will and the kitchen as if desperate to keep him away.

Will raised an eyebrow. “I managed to keep us both fed on several occasions.”

“Yes,” Hannibal answered. “And you were also the one who didn’t eat breakfast before I came into the household so take the dogs for a walk or something.”

“But I like taking the dogs for a walk.” Will pointed out. “I thought this was about poetic justice.”

“And I like cooking.” Hannibal answered. “Poetic justice demands you enjoy the equivalent exercise. I just ask you to stay close to the house and not talk to anyone you might meet.”

Will rolled his eyes and whistled for his dogs to follow him.

“Couldn’t you fold the clothes a bit more neatly?” Hannibal sounded pained.

Will sighed and looked up. “If you’re so perfectionist do it yourself!”

“But that would remove the point of the exercise.”

“Hannibal, this exercise has no bloody point!” Will replied. “You make me live after a bunch of rules you know won’t hurt me out of some misguided attempt to mimic what you did to your former handlers. What is this supposed to accomplish?”

“I wanted my former handlers to suffer.” Hannibal answered. “I want to see you flourish.”

“And how is folding your clothes helping with that?”

“Not at all,” Hannibal admitted. “I just like watching you work.”

Will sighed, rolled his eyes and went back to folding.

In the evening of the same day Will was trying to read a book but kept getting distracted by his own thoughts. He saw Hannibal stand up out of the corner of his eyes but didn’t move until Hannibal stood behind him and started massaging his shoulders.

“Stop it.” Will reprimanded.

“You should cease always being so stressed.” Hannibal whispered in his ears. “It’s not healthy for you.”

“Whose fault is me being stressed?”

Hannibal walked around the chair until he stood over Will. “Let me make it up to you.”

“You can’t fix everything with sex Hannibal.”

Hannibal went to his knees in front of him, his hands on Will's thighs. "Let me give it try."

Will starred at him for a moment before he slowly opened his legs.

Afterwards they laid in Will's bed – which was bigger and more comfortable than Hannibal's – together. Will didn't want to think on how much more relaxed he was in the arms of a serial killer than he had ever felt with any other partner. Hannibal was playing with one of Will's curls, pulling it straight and releasing it so it sprang back into its curled up state just to do it again. It was calming.

"Are you trying to straighten my hair one curl at a time?" Will asked.

"Never!" Hannibal put his lips into Will's hair to press kisses along his scalp. "I adore them. Even the greatest work of art couldn't even come close to your natural beauty."

Will rolled his eyes but couldn't quite hide his smile. Why hide it anyway? Hannibal could probably read him about as well as Will could read Hannibal. "You're ridiculous!"

"I'm in love." Hannibal replied pressing his nose into the crook of Will's neck and taking a deep breath. "I'm allowed to be ridiculous."

Will should have felt less comfortable with a cannibal's teeth next to his vulnerable neck. "Would you like to eat me?"

Hannibal sighed deeply as if he just smelt the finest of wines. "I would love nothing more than get a sample of you before I die. You would taste…" He licked at Will's neck. "… delicious."

The hairs on Will's arm stood on end. "It would make traveling a lot easier if you just ate me." He didn't know why he argued for his own death. Maybe his self-destructive thoughts had finally gotten the better of him now that he had failed. Maybe he just finally wanted to know where he stood with Hannibal. The man could not actually have fallen in love with Will. Will was unloveable to anyone that wasn't a dog.

As if Hannibal read his thoughts he answered. "You won't get rid of my company that easily. I will make sure that you'll live a very long and fulfilled life at my side."

"You make that sound like a threat." Will huffed.

"It's a promise."

“Hannibal,” Will asked one day while pushing food around on his plate. “You’re quite famous for eating people you know.”

Hannibal raised an eyebrow in amusement. “I’ve noticed.”

“How do I know you’re not feeding me people?”

“You don’t.” Hannibal smiled.

Will pushed the plate away from him. “I don’t think I’m hungry today.”

“Will, in this household we eat three meals a day.” Hannibal’s voice had gotten a warning tone that made Will’s hair stand on end.

“That’s not what I meant when I made this rule…”

“Eat!” Hannibal did not leave space for any argument.

Will slowly pulled the plate back and started eating again.

Will woke in the middle of the night feeling strange.

“Shhh,” Hannibal was bent over him. “It’s time for us to go.”

“Wha…” Will tried to sit up but his body felt too heavy to move.

“I gave you something for the travel.” Hannibal explained. “It’s regulation for transporting prisoners as you know.”

Will saw him holding the mask Hannibal had came in. In a spark of panic Will tried to push Hannibal off but of course he barely managed to raise his arms. Hannibal pushed the mask over his head easily so the gag bit slipped into his mouth and fastened the whole thing behind Will’s head. “Don’t worry Will, it will be over soon.”

The first time the drugs wore off slightly Will found himself being carried securely in Hannibal’s arms. They were standing in a crowd of some kind; people were pointing and whispering around them. In his drugged state Will had little control of his empathy and the waves of anger and disgust everyone threw them were nearly drowning him. He whined and pushed his head into Hannibal’s shoulder to hide himself away.

“Shhh,” Hannibal’s chest rumbled as he talked. “Those pigs are not worth your attention or pain beloved. I’ll get you away from them soon.”

Will fell back asleep in the knowledge that to everyone surrounding them he was a dangerous criminal.

The second time Will gained consciousness he was laying on a small bed. Whatever Hannibal had given him it had the uncomfortable side effect to make him feel as if the ground under him was swaying. At least the bloody mask was gone from his face, thank god. Will groaned and slowly sat up to look around the small room. He could see a small table fastened to the ground in front of a bench, a wardrobe and… a porthole.

Will cursed under his breath, slowly stood up on unsteady feet and stumbled to the small window. Blue waves as far as the eye could see. Apparently it wasn’t the drugs that made the ground sway under his feet it was the fact he was on a goddamned ship. He turned around and walked to the only door of the room already knowing in his heart it wouldn’t open for him. He was right. With a sigh he turned to the wardrobe which was filled with both his own clothing as well as the things Hannibal had brought himself after he had freed himself – with Will’s money of course. There were also several books as well as a card game. Will sighed took one of the books and returned to the bed.

After a hundred pages there was a knock on the door and a scowling woman walked in with a plate of food.

“Hello,” Will greeted her softly.

She sneered at him. “Don’t talk to me criminal.” She put the plate down at the table with a bit too much force so some of the potatoes rolled off. “You should be thankful you have such a kind handler. If I would be in charge of filth like you I would not let you stay in such a comfortable room.” And she turned around and left with a huff.

The irony that she thought Hannibal was too kind on hating criminals was incredible. Well Will had always known he fit the picture of the criminal better than Hannibal ever could.

Two-hundred pages later the door opened again to Hannibal who smiled upon seeing Will. “You’re awake.”

“I am.” Will agreed. “Where are we going?”

Hannibal put a finger to his lips with a small smirk. “It’s a secret.”

He sat down on the bed next to Will but with a small gap between them. Will didn't close the distance. "What about my dogs?"

"They'll come along."

"Why bring them along?" Will asked. "You aren't that fond of them."

Hannibal put his hand on Will's. "I love you I truly just want you to be happy."

"Happy with you."

"Happy with me." Hannibal admitted.

Will hummed. "What about my friends?"

Hannibal raised an eyebrow. "Friends who never visited once while I lived with you?"

"I could have visited them instead of them coming to me to keep you away from them."

"You didn't."

Will shrugged. "I visited Alana once."

"In over half a year?" Hannibal smirked. "What a wonderful friend she is."

"Jack came by several times."

"Yes to take advantage of you." Hannibal scoffed. He took both of Will's hands in his own and raised them to his mouth to press kisses into them. "Will it isn't your fault so many people never learned how to properly appreciate you. You have me now I'll never leave you or ask you to change how you are."

It sounded so nice. Will slumped slightly sideways until he leaned into Hannibal's shoulder. His charge – handler - friend – lover – put his arm around him.

They stayed like that until exhaustion took over Will and he fell asleep in Hannibal's arms.

Will woke on a bed that felt like it was made out of clouds. He opened his eyes to see drapes hanging over him. As he sat up slowly he found himself in a giant room. It was probably as big as about a quarter of his old house put together and decorated with fine curtains and antique looking furniture. Around the bed Will saw all of dogs sleeping peacefully. He pushed himself of the bed, stumbling a bit but managing to reach the next giant window to show a beautiful coast line.

The door behind him opened but Will didn't turn. "Where are we?"

“Florence.” Hannibal answered. “Welcome home.”

Chapter End Notes

This is it guys, as warned the story is not completly resolved so you can have your own take on how it ends. In my opinion Will and Hannibal live happily together forever in Florence.

If you're gonna miss my weekly updates I actually just started my latest Hannibal-FF (I'm obsessed) about Will faking his own death after his time in prison and now he's returning with a secret I won't reveal here: Pushed too far

Also there is always my long-running dating crack story in this fandom: Mating island - fine wine edition

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!